### IMPERIAL GERMANY.

A CANDID AND APPRECIATIVE STUDY.

IMPERIAL GERMANY; A CRITICAL STUDY OF FACT AND CHARACTER. By Sidney Whitmad. 12mo, pp. 304. John W. Lovell & Co.

This study of Germany deserves the attention it has received in Europe, by its remarkable frankness and the evident determination of the author to tell the truth fully. That it is not, with all its candor of criticism, the work of an enemy of the great country with which it is concerned, is sufficiently evident, and if further confirmation of the writer's real friendliness were needed it would be supplied by the hearty commendations bestowed upon the book by distinguished Germans, notably Prince Bismarck and the late Marshal von Moltke. Since Germans whose patriotism is beyond question have indersed Mr. Whitman's study of Imperial Germany, the honesty and impartiality of his book may very well be conceded. But it may be added that in regard to many of his criticisms the history of Germany fully bears him out, and as an illustration, reference may be made to the author's remarks upon the German character in politics. It is no new discovery that doctrinarism and "particularismus" have long been potent hindrances to German unity. As Mr. Whitman observes: "German unity has been fought for and gained in spite of desperate opposition from within and from without: it has still to encounter many more or less inimical influences from within. In addition to the difficulties arising from unfitness of character were differences of institutions, both social and legal. The North, principally Protestant, is still in part intensely aristocratic, and, more lately, honeycombed with Socialism; whereas the West and the South have felt the waves of the French Revolution, and are democratic, besides being largely There are millions of Germans who place their allegiance to the Pope above that to their sovereign. It is German doctrinarism that makes this possible-instructive doctrinarism in those who do not even know the meaning of the For Catholics in other countries have rarely allowed their religion to nullify their pat-The slow progress of German unity was doubt-

less due in no small degree to the Austrian influence which, steadily cast against Prussian aspirations, made a policy of fomenting separatist ideas, and strove incessantly to create misunderstandings between those States which it could not bring over to itself. But these influences were baneful chiefly because they found in the existing state of German tendencies a ready prepared me dium of propagandism. "Particularismus" was, so to say, a national fad. It was, of course, a note of provincialism; it was the expression of a political perception too narrow to recognize the superiority of national to state interests and policies. The pride and vanity of the petty princes and counts of Germany came in aid of the disunion sentiment. In the view of all these princelings German unity involved the extinction of themselves, and consequently they resisted it with something like desperation. Through all these complex agencies the opposition was so strengthened and so deeply rooted that German patriotism could with difficulty gain foothold; and had it not been for the virile policy of modern Prussia the goal aimed at might not have been reached in the present century. Had Louis Napoleon been a shrewder and better informed politician, he might have avoided instead of precipitating war in 1870, and by adroit diplomacy have prevented the coalescence between the German States which was rendered possible by hostilities. Even as it was the success of German unity left a large dissatisfied element in the nation, and with this element the Hohenzollerns and Bismarck have had to con

The defeat of the May laws was the outcome of this struggle. It drove the Iron Chancellor where he had boasted that his Government would never go-to Canossa. It compelled him to exchange the drastic policy which he preferred for one of compromise and concession. Not much was gained even then, for the recalcitrant element-the Philistine element included-remained. and still remains, a source of disquietude and of danger. Mr. Whitman's analysis of German polities tends broadly toward the justification of Bismarck's policies and methods of government. The Chancellor, his critic holds, was eminently blood and iron, could secure German unity, and intrigue had been in fact exhausted. They had only still further embroiled the situation. Their influence was solely for mischief. Persuasion was needed, but it was the persuasion of Krupp guns and Mauser rifles. So far does Mr. Whitman's belief in the necessity of a strong Government for Germany extend, that he doubts whether Frederick III would have made a sufficiently robust ruler. Then he says: "He was the hope of the advanced Liberals, not only in Germany, but beyond its borders. On the other hand, there are some, and by no means the least high-minded, who inclined to the belief that his goodness might have been abused, his trust misplaced, and that he did not possess the hardness necessary to guide the national helm in troublous times." And again: "His was essentially the generous temperament of the romantic idealist: whether he would have shown the same unimpassioned front to opposition and misjudgment, the same greatness of character in forgiving it, as his great father, the world can never know. Had he lived, we believe his rule would have proved a bitter disappointment to some of those who foolishly tried to claim him as a partisan."

Mr. Whitman appears to entertain a higher opinion of the present Emperor than his actions hitherto may have seemed to justify. He declares that " His education has fitted him for his position, and the examples of his grandfather and father are ever before his eyes. Everything reliable concerning him tends to prove that his is a character that may be trusted to benefit by such advantages." And he continues: "If the Germany of to-day is in want of a thoroughly honest, highminded man, with strong national sympathies, with a romantic love for the history of the people he is called to rule over, then surely the present Emperor will be found to exceed the expectations of his friends and to disappoint the fears of his critics." Every friend of Germany must hope that this view may be justified by the event, but it is perhaps hardly probable that Bismarck heartily approved these and similar passages in Mr. Whitman's book. The chapter upon the Prussian Monarchy, from which we have just quoted, is, however, highly interesting, for it is written by a man who has lived in Germany many years, who has made a profound study of the people and their rulers, and who has the merit of giving the reasons for all his views with perfect frankness. In another chapter, upon "Paternal Government," he shows that a form of government which Eng-

lishmen and Americans are apt to regard with disfavor has certain advantages; that it affords protection to the public against many dishenest and mischievous forms of commercial and other exploitation, for instance, as in the case of patent medicines, which are analyzed by Government, and their real constituents plainly set forth in official publications, the public being fully cautioned against those which are deleterious. Considering the license permitted to the concocters of every nostrum in so-called free countries, and the amount of harm notoriously done by them, it must be conceded that, in this matter at least, there is a good deal to be said for "paternal" methods of

government. One of the best chapters in the book is that on the German Army, for it is full of new information, and it throws much light upon the spirit of German milkarism. In the first place, the Army is recarded as a great fighting mechanism. Everything is subordinated to its efficiency. There is no breath of favoritism in its management. Nothing but capacity can secure distinction or promotion. The old spirit of chivalry and dash is wholly unrecognized. Obedience to orders is the first necessity. Eravery is simply performance of juty. Heroism is no passport to honors. Duty, sowever, is a word of immense significance with the German people, and this is a fact to be pon-

dered, considering how low its estimation has sunk elsewhere of late years. It is, says Mr. Whitman, the "categorical imperative" of Kant, which has sunk into the national mind, and which finds expression under military service in the regard paid to the quiet, faithful, continuous performance of duty. Speaking of the war with France, the author remarks: "Besides perfect organization, it was the lofty spirit-the stern sense of dutywhich alone, under leaders of consummate genius, made these victories possible! And these leaders, in their turn, were nothing else but the outcome and result of that supreme sense of conscientious ness and duty which is the one key-note of the whole organization of Prussia, civil and military. The trait is striking from highest to humblestfrom the King, who reported himself ready for duty, down to the humblest Pomeranian peasant who, at the trumpet-call of war, quietly reported himself at the nearest place of enrolment and exchanged the hoe for the musket. This trait is visible everywhere in those iron hoops of the German Army, the sergeants and non-commissioned officers. It reaches perhaps its most pregnant significance in the full captain; the company-

But the incentives to performance of duty ar not particularly alluring. No dependence can be placed upon anything but efficiency. No heroism compensates for lack of military capacity, as the case of General Steinmetz, cited by the author, clearly demonstrates: "A rigid system of continually testing the capacity of officers is at work No length of service will entitle a man to promotion unless his superiors in command are thoroughly convinced be is in every way fitted for it. After ten or twelve years' service as a lieutenant, a man may be judged fitted to lead a company, and thus gets the rank of captain. He may be the best company leader in the Prussian service, and yet not have the material for a field officer. . If such be the opinion of his superiors, good-by to his hopes of ever becoming a major. When his turn for promotion comes round he receives a quiet hint to retire, and, as a sop, he carries the titular distinction of major into private life, and silently vanishes from the scene. Service in the Prussian army is a national duty, and not necessarily a career for the individual. hopes, a lost career it may be, but down you go, as mercilessly as the grass before the scythe, in the interest of the community, in the interest of the huge man-slaying machine, in which you were, until lately, the tiniest little rivet, and nothing more." Clearly this is not a service to satisfy that deep craving after personal distinction which is one of the most conspicuous forms of modern vanity and vulgarity of mind. But the Germans evidently possess a peculiar constitution, for as in the army they can do their duty without stimulus or reward, so in their educational establishments they labor without the hope or expecta-

tion of prizes or scholarships, and make their

mark, too, under these conditions. Mr. Whitman manages, in the course of his study of the German army, to put in some rasping criticism of English military methods. Among other observations very much to the point, he has this: "Others may try to copy the system that has shown such excellent results, but they cannot suddenly appropriate the qualities that have made the German army what it is. The one and the other are too much bound up in the qualities of the people, and are the result of the laborious work of generations. Parliamentary legislation born of an excited expression of public opinion cannot supply such to order. This is as true of political as of military systems, and because it is true every attempt to graft exotic constitutions upon stocks unaccustomed to them, has failed and must ever fail. Mr. Whitman's chapter on the German nobility is mainly deprecatory. They have, he declares, lost all influence with their countrymen, and are little better than titled peppets. In the army they have done good work, but wholly apart from their nobility, and simply by virtue of capacity. Outside of the army they possess no national status. By practising an innane exclusiveness, and especially by continuous intermarriage, they have entirely alienated themselves from the body of the people, who both hate and despise them. They have no influence in politics, and none in society. Their position seems to resemble that of the aristocrats of the Faubourg St. Germain after the Revolution and during the Empire. The German aristocrats are commonly impoverished, and having through sound in the view that not diplomacy, but only | their class pride, cut themselves off from all hope of enrichment by intermarriage with the "bourgeoise," they must remain poor. They have but one career-the army-and hundreds of them are absolutely dependent upon their pay.

Mr. Whitman's pictures of German society do not strike us as very attractive, and perhaps the position of women in Germany is largely responsible for this. Bismarck once said that Germany was being ruined by 'the plague of beer'; and this plague also has something to do with the low position accorded German women. "The wide prevalence of the custom of spending daily hours and hours in beerhouses," says the author is not without its consequences in roughenin the manners, particularly towards ladies, and encouraging the love of small-talk and gossip. And again he says: "Average Germans have a tendency to give way to their temper in dealing with the ladies of their family which can only surprise those to whom it is a novelty. countrymen of Schopenhauer do not often err on the side of too much consideration for the fair sex 'per se.' If a person is unpopular, it seems only to add bitterness to that hatred if the person be a woman. Some journalistic attacks on the Empress Frederick hear testimony to this." Of course the author has something to say on the custom of duelling, and especially upon the sanction of the practice in the army. other nations, whose virility is beyond question, requires no such stimulus, is a complete answer to the staple justification of army duels. In truth, the practice is a relic of barbarism, and nothing else, nor can any sophistry give it the color of plausibility.

Nowhere does Mr. Whitman earry his criticism farther than in discussing "Commerce and Manufacture," and here he makes serious charges of fraud against the German manufacturers, who are accused not only of imitating English and other foreign manufactures, but of copying the forms of foreign packages and forging foreign trademarks. Of course, he does not make such grave accusations without offering some evidence of their truth, and from the examples cited, it would appear that while it is doubtful whether a court of law would hold the trade-mark imitation to be close enough to warrant a conviction or an adverse verdict in a civil suit, the moral "lache" is less dubitable. Mr. Whitman professes not to be uneasy at the recent expansion of German commerce and manufactures, for he does not think the movement will be permanent. At this point he, perhaps, exhibits some little natural prejudice, but we are bound to say that this in the only time he shows such a feeling. As a rule, he is strictly impartial, criticising the institutions of his own country quite as freely as those of Germany, and displaying a breadth of mind which gives the reader greater confidence in his trustworthiness generally. It only remains to be said that his book is both weighty and interesting.

# AN INDIAN STORY-TELLER.

From The Pall Mall Gazette. From The Pall Mall Gazette.
One of the most interesting as well as familiar figures in the English colony at Dinan is that of Robert Edwin Forrest, who shares the fame of Rudyard Kipling as an Indian story-teller. Mr. Forrest, however, is no longer a young man, for he entered the Indian Civil Service in the days of old John Compuny. It was only as an afterthought, so to speak, that he began his second professional career-toat of novelist. Yet he jumped straight into success with his very first hook. "The Touchstope of Peril, a Tale of the Indian Mutiny," was issued under the pseudosym of "Indian Mutiny," was issued under the pseudosym of "Indian Civils Sindan. Mutiny," was issued under the pseudonym of "Dudlet Hardress Thomas." There were not wanting smarterities who saw reason to dount whether the author had eye been in India, and so forth; but when a few of the leaders of opinion had expressed their admiration every cuphatically the rest followed suit, and opened their eyes to qualities they had been afraid to discover for themselves. Two American publishers at once brought out rival gditions on the other side of the sea, and when Mr. James Payn secured the new writer's second story for "Cornhill" the D. H. Thomas was dropped, and "Eight Days" bore its author's real name.

## FICTION.

LONG NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES.

PURITAN PAGAN. By Julien Gordon. 12mo pp. 167. D. Appleton & Co. pp. 167. D. Appleton & Co.

MADEMOISELLE ROCHE. Par Andre Theuriet

Paris: Alphonse Lemerre; New-York: F. W.

LE LIVRE DE LA PITIE ET DE LA MORT. Par Pierre Loti. Paris; Calmanu Levy; New-York; F. W. Christern and W. R. Jenkins. AN ARTIST. From the French of Madame Jeanne Mairet, by Anna Dyer Page. Cassell Publishing Company.

EVENINGS AT SCHOOL. By Clara Marshall, 12mo pp. 270. Hunt & Eaton.

OLD RACLOT'S MILLION. From the French, by Emile Richebourg. Adapted by Mrs. Benjamin Lewis. 12mo, pp. 290. Cassell Publishing Com-DIANA FONTAINE. By Algernon Ridgeway. Ameri can Noyel Series. 12mo. J. B. Lippincott Com

QUITA. By Cecil Dunstan. 12mo. J. B. Lippincott CAPTAIN BLAKE. By Captain Charles King, U. S. A.
12mo, pp. 495. J. B. Lippincott Company.

SWEDT AND TWENTY. By Mary Farley Sanborn.
Good Company Series. 12mo, pp. 310, Lee &

Julien Gordon's new story is strikingly clever, and the plot curiously typical of a class of essentially modern ideas which are not always prefemble to those they have superseded. That a pure-minded and self-respecting girl, not in love with the man to whom she is married, should be shocked to the point of eparating from him by his confession of an intrigue with another woman is no doubt natural enough That such a girl should be taken up by a wealthy "mondaine" and educated to believe that the best way to forget her sorrow is to become a leader of fashion is eminently modern and "fin de siecle." The idea, however, is carried out skilfully and the contributing agents, especially Mrs. Heathcote and Mrs. Sarchan, are exceedingly interesting persons with pronounced characters and natural ways and man The Norwood "menage" previous to the catasners. described with power and delicate insight Norwood himself is a difficult character, but realistically conceived, and in the relations between him and his girl-wife nothing is overdrawn and nothing omitted which could heighten the interest of the move nent. The singularity of the plot consists in the mean employed for Paula's cure. In social dissipation and more or less mild flirting, she is expected either to for get her husband or to renew her ties with him. How this experiment results the render shall be left to discover for himself, but though the author speaks for that new womanhood which is nothing if not independent and self-sufficing, it must be admitted that the herome's narrow escape from mortal disaster seems to indicate that even the modern feminine code retains some of the provisions which belonged to the outgrown doctrines of dependence and wealmess. In short, it is after all a man who comes to Paula's The women, with all their acuteness and knowledge of the world, seem quite incapable of putting on the brakes, and in spite of the modernity of its central motive, the story ends in quite an old fashioned way. It is a brilliant story, too, and shows steady advance on the author's part.

M. Andre Thenriet's "Mademoiselle Roche" is a care ful study of a girl whose place in life is seriously if not fatally compromised by her mother's infidelity. After the death of both her parents she accidentally discovers some letters of her mother's which reveal the fact that she is not the child of her putative father, who in fact had died from the shock of discovering his wife's faith-Mademotselle Roche realizes that she has no equitable claim to the estate of Peter Roche, and with girl's enthusiasm she resolves to restore it to the only living heir, who happens to be a very agreeable young man. Before this, however, she has been educated in stances aid her, however, to overcome this perplexity, and as sometimes happens when a young man and a young girl are concerned, love finds a way to settle by M. Theurist. The convent life of Medemoiselle Roche, the extracts from her journal, the evidence of meral. that original innocence and freshness so hard to describe without taking the bloom off it, nil this is of animal life in the novel, and the author has succeeded in making his donkeys, dogs and cats, not less planted to a parterre whose associate blooms they did interesting than his human beings. That he is a warm not consider good floral company." lover of animals is clear from the way he writes about them, and all symphathizers with this feeling will find the animal passages in this book truly delightful. But it is an excellently written novel throughout, fresh, strong, with the perfume of the woods and fields all over it, yet full of subtle and profound studies of human character.

comewhat too emphatic way to the strength of that anderlying gloom and melancholy which is the dommant element in this writer's temperament. It speaks with about equal clearness of the tenderness and humanity of his character and of his love for dumb The "Story of Two Cats" in this volume is one of the most fascinating chronicles of domestic pets. The papers of which the volume is composed relate to most varied subjects, but they are all in the minor key in which "Pecheur d'Islande" was written. The dreamy side of Pierre Loti is also presented here in the form of certain singular, fantastic and certe viston which he declares to have been actual experiences. Unfortunately, another thing is very prominently dis-played, and that is his disbellef in a future existence. He holds that death is the end of everything. This dismal belief does not, indeed, hinder him from doing all the good possible to his fellow-creatures, as witdrowned fishermen, and in the interest of the Pen-Bron hospital for children. But it makes his reflections upon life and death almost equally melancholy, and one feels that, wherever he goes and whatever he does. this dark doctrine of annihilation weighs upon his spirit and obscures even the light of the sun. For all this his sketches remain full of an interest which approaches fascination, and in these short sketches his finest literary qualities are exhibited at their best. The concluding one, which describes the lingering death of a member of his own family with an aston ishing minuteness of detail, is perhaps the most strik ing, as it is certainly the saddest, of them all. As a picture it is wonderful, but closing as it does a volume fixed with sad and sombre memories, it is almost too much. The admirers of Pierre Loti, nevertheless, would certainly not have missed it, nor will they probably admit that the author could have bettered his work even by infusing a little more cheerfulness

the future happiness of the couple is rather left to ing, and fairly well translated.

orly part of this one. The author employs a country girls' school as a stage, and through connections beween the girls and their teachers seeks to insinuate instruction upon good-breeding and the conduct of life. to celebrate the proglamation of the American of these conversational diductics, which remind can copyright bill, uttered some vigorous instruction upon good-breeding and the conduct of life. us equally of "Sandford and Merton," and Miss Martineau, are no doubt sound in principle, and touch matters which need reform. But the method as a whole is too archaic, and there is little evidence that even when it was in full accord with the prevailing thing at all about it. taste it accomplished much good.

The heiress of old Raclot's million was a young girl who, like the heroine of Andre Thenriet's story, resolved to make restitution for the sins of one of her rents. Her father had been a usurer and landswallower, and the daughter not only made up her mind to give back all his property to those from whom

"Diana Fontaine" has a weak beginning, is somedismissed in a word. Its characters—the vain, laxy, lying, and stabbing, and cheating—to a considerable extent.

old maid, Cousin Sarah Jane; the buxom rustic, Vanessa Spangler; the Virginia Hesslau, Grat Fontaine; Lou-i-sy Fawnystawk, as grandly simple and natural as Homeric woman-all these glow with life and are unfailingly true to their types. Diana and Loughborough, the hero and heroine, are the least successful of the author's creations-though even they have their moments of vivid truth to nature. We are anxious to see other books from this pen, for in this little story Mr. Ridge-way has shown a pecception of character and an ability to draw it not possessed by any other Southern writer.

"Quita" is a touching study of a generous, hones and tender nature thrown, to its sorrow, among ut terly worldly and selfish people. The reader will perhaps argue that one so honorable and so wise in most things would not love such a cur as Leslie, or that, saving loved him and found him out, she would not continue to love him. The author, no doubt, might reply that this is exactly what truth to nature demands, given Quita's training and Quita's character. The conclusion will not please the average devourer of novels, but it is certainly dramatic, and not inartistic.

Withfu the book covers which bear Captain King's name we are certain to find a romantic story-one in which most of the men are gallant and devoted, and nest of the women gently and beautifully feminine. of his heroes it may always be said that the bravest are the tenderest, and his scenes of sentiment are well balanced by his stirring recitals of deeds of war. No other American novellst puts into his pages so much of the glamour of young love, so much of the flery thrill of battle. An episode of knightly valor is allen to the present fashionable school of fiction, yet we doubt if even the fatigned Bostonian can read without a responsive heart-beat the chapter in which Geraid Blake makes lits midnight journey down the beleagued hillside in search of water for his dying men. This is not Bostonian; but it is man's work, strong and fine and true.

On the title-page of "Sweet and Twenty" are quoted

O, how this spring of love resembleth

The uncertain glory of an April day! They are the key of an uncommonly graceful and fainty little love story. The style is charming; the characters are drawn in firm if slight strokes, and though a most without plot the interest is maintained to the end. The book shows so much power that we feel justlied in hoping for something even better from its author.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

That one person should collect records of incident and collate facts for use as material of fiction by another person, is reasonable and desirable; but the thought of collaboration in any other form is not inviting to the reader. Nor is it, in most cases, we venture to say, more than a pretence or a farce. The col-lection of material hardly entitles the collector to the printing of his name upon the title-page; and a work of the imagination which is actually the composition of two authors will probably never become a classic. It is not possible to conceive of a great work of genius as the fruit of two minds, owing its existence equally

Mr. Lowell's critical method is thus characterized by "The London Spectator": "When some minds would circumvent a subject with noiseless approaches, and work its reluctant secret out of it insidiously he challenges it to a decisive engagement in ope field, where swords flash in the brave sunlight, and hot sperks are struck from diuted armor. But, the method granted-and it is a picturesque and robust methodhis mastery of it is indisputable."

Mrs. Cruger's new novel, "A Puritan Pagan," has already gone into its third edition. The first edition was exhausted within a weak of publication.

Speaking of novels, here are some interesting sen tences from Mr. Edgar Fawcett's paper in the new Lippincott": "The novelist who studiously concerhimself with the tastes of the average reader is either made or lost, and on certain occasions he is both. he writes purely for popularity, he now and then attains a convent, where she narrowly escaped the efforts of it, but more often quite misses it; and if he writes the nuns to persuade her into taking the veil. On realize for popularity and attains it, he is not seldom wofully ing her true position, her first thought is to return to self-dissatisfied. I recall being once greatly astonished to hear a writer of rather cheap tales in a decidedly in the convent, but difficulties spring up in the way of hear a writer of rather cheap tales in a decidedly in her scheme of restitution, for how can she carry out ferior journal say that the authors whom he chiefly coher plan without accusing her dead mother? Circum- loyed reading were Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professor Huxley. I had never found the least trace of this declared cult in his own compositions, and presently the truth came out. He was a creator who despised questions with which law is poweriess to cope. The his own creations, notwithstanding that he reaped from there outlined so harely is a charming one as told them a good deal of solid pecuniary profit. His confession pointed, for my later reflection Perhaps it is not true that there are many time of it, but we might feel safe in asserting the admirably set forth. There is a curious abundance these same wall-flowers in the big garden of fiction would not be as contented as they now are if trans

> Professor Joseph Le Conte's book on "Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought" has already had four editions, and the fifth is now on the press. work has been largely revised, and three new chapters have been added.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the president of the British him to present unpleasant views on the subject of our Copyright bill. "I do not think," he said, "that we ought to exaggerate the possible operation of the American act on the publishing and printing business of this country. I believe that that business may be said to be mainly a newspaper and magazine business: and also there is, of course, all the official and judicial printing, and prospectuses and reports of companies, posters, bills and all kinds of circulars that come to us by post, all those things, the great mass of printing and publishing in this country, are absolutely outside the operation of the American Copyright Act." And he concluded with the telling statement that book-print ing is not more than 5 per cent of the British printing business. Thereupon his visitors loudly cried "No. no," but without the least effect upon Sir Michael, who calmly observed that that was the estimate which had been given to him, and that he did not think that the question should be looked at "as if the whole paper making industry would be ruined by any possibility, or the whole publishing trade."

The young lady who signs herself "Will Allen Drumgoole" is about to bring out a volume of folk-lore tales of Tennessee.

Lord Tennyson has contributed four lines as prefix to the new edition of the beautiful fourteenth. He had a profound knowledge of dramatic litera-century poem, "Pearl,"—which it is thought may ture, classic and modern; a quick appreciation of n the work of "the philosophical Strode' have be referred to by Chaucer in the "Troilus." Thus run

"We lost you for how long a time-True Pearl of our poetle prime! We found you, and you gleam re-act In Britain's lyric cor

Here is a comparison between Poe and Whitman Poe had an almost incomparable singing-voice, and sembled, with his white waved mustaches and red song; but his verse never touches humanity. Mr. cey, whose mobile features and eloquent gestures with the lives of two artists, girl and young man. Walt Whitman, who has never even attempted to betrayed every emotion of approval or disdain who after a difficult courtship marry and in due course sing, seems to have been trying all his life to find which the play excited in him, Vitu always reregret of their marriage. At least the girl does, for words for a really burning sympathy with humanity, mained perfectly impassive during a performance, she discovers that her husband is growing lealous of which in the hands of an artist should have made very attentive and silent, with that expression her artistic successes and that he looks at her work with the envious eye of a rival, though unconsciously.

She becomes cold, and he, repulsed by her, seeks distinction abroad. Finally comes separation by mutual consent, and as is frequently the case in such circumstances, separation brings a desire for reunion. This for the most part, it proves on examination to be Cerele of Dramatic Criticism, ex-president of the time it is the woman who owns herself in the wrong, but a cunning imitation of excellence, a clever Societe de l'Histoire de Paris et de l'Ile de France, however, and the denouement is encouraging, though counterfeit, and no more. To turn over page after and vice-president of the Societe de Gens de Letpage and to find everywhere display, display-as if tres inference than clearly declared. It is fairly interest- the precious qualities of poetry were not quiet, ret icent, unsought-this is one's disappointing experience with the breat mass of contemporary American Clara Marshall's book, "Evenings at School," has verse," Deliberate cleverness, this scritic asserts, the appearance of a reversion to the literary and ethical mars our faction and rains our poetry—and he is methods of the class of the eighteenth century and the

> Lord Monkswell, chairman at the July dinner of the English Society of Authors, held chiefly words on the subject of English copyright. He declared that Englishmen were still groaning under a and is condemned by every person who knows any-Brander Matthews reminded the assembled

authors that, imperfect as the American law is, it puts the American and the foreign writer on exactly the same level. "For the American author," said he, "cannot now have copyright unless his book is manufactured in America. In one respect the American law is more liberal to the English than the English law is to the American. Under the new law now, the he had aquired it, but carried out her design com-pletely. Nothing, of course, could be allier or more dramatize his story in the United States, a right still mequitable than this proceeding. But it is lauded to denied to you in this country. The laws of both counthe skies, the author putting the fact out of sight that tries are very imperfect, but they are much better than old Raclot had paid for wha he got, even if he paid they were. When I think of them I am reminded of less than the full value. But in truth the novel is the remark of the old negro to the parson who was preposicrons as to its plot, and not more than lightly conducting a series of revival meetings. Said the negro interesting generally. good your preaching has done us. Why, in my own family here, since we have been sitting under you, we

### CRITIC AND COMPOSER.

DEATH OF AUGUSTE VITU, JOURNALIST, AND HENRI LITOLFF, MUSICIAN, IN PARIS.

Paris, Aug. 10. Paris is in mourning for the veteran joi and critic, Auguste Vitu, who died August 5, after a long and painful illness. Last October, while visiting an untinished building near his house, he fell and broke his right arm. The fracture was promptly attended to, but owing to M. Vitu's advanced age and general feebleness, the bones refused to knit. In December a heroic operation was performed, in hopes of saving his life, but it only succeeded in rendering his condition more serious. A cardine affection against which he had struggled for years appeared with fresh violence, and in addition to everything, M. Vitu became afflicted with a singular distaste for food of any kind. It was only by the persistent supplication of his family that he was prevented from starving himself to death.

His mind continued as clear and as active as ever, and he insisted, in spite of his pitiable condition, on fulfilling to the last his journalistic The management of "Figaro" begged him to accept a leave of absence, but he steadily refused, and continued to be as regular a feature of first-night performances at the theatres as he had for twenty years. His criticisms, dictated to his son, lost none of the simplicity, the keen discernment, the elegance of diction, that had previously characterized them. His appearance changed rapidly, and his hoggard face and emaciated figure spoke eloquently of his sufferings.

To all inquiries he replied with a forced smile that everything had been done for him that was possible, but that he was dying-adding, with a touch of pride, "in harness, you see."

On July 31 he attended the revival of "Souvent bomme varie," at the Comedie Francaise. Shortly afterward he was sitting at his desk, dictating to his son, when his speech became suddenly thick, his words confused, and his head fell forward on his breast. Cerebral anaemia had set in. was taken home, where he lingered nearly a week, unconscious most of the time, before death released his intrepid spirit. The funeral, which was attended by nearly every journalist in Paris, took place on Friday. He was buried in the cemetery of Pere La Chaise.

Auguste Vitu was born October 7, 1823, at Meudon. His family was in very moderate circumstances, and Auguste was launched on the world as a printer's apprentice. He was an ambitious boy with an omnivorous thirst for reading. A good-natured man of letters to whom Vitu carried proofs interested himself in the lad and did a great deal to assist his education.

Vitu's literary life began while he was holding some small office in his native place, in 1841. He wrote several little comedies for the smaller theatres. A year later he made his first appearance in journalism in a series of brilliant sketches, satirical and artistic. These sketches, or many of them, have since been issued in book form, under "Paris in Summer," and "Paris Underground." He soon became known as a daring and original writer, and was attached to a number of papers successively. He was for a time Editor of the "Peuple Francaise," leaving that paper in 1870 for "Figure."

The present generation knows Vitu only as dramatic critic, and has little idea of the versatility of his genius. He was from 1861 to 1863 manager-in-chief of the "Journal de Chemin de Fer": he established the "Journal de Finances," later called "Moniteur de Finances," under the direction of his son, Maxime Vitu. He had written several volumes on financial and industrial topics, a history of typography, a very complete and exhaustive study of the city of Paris, preface to new editions of Moliere, Beaumarchais, 'rebillion and Poinsinet, beside a dozen volumes on dramatic subjects. His early efforts were all political. He was a flerce Bonapartist, and up to the last fought the battles of the Prince-President with untiring vigor.

His debut on the "Figaro" staff was made in a series of remarkable political articles, one of which, directed against General Trochu, was the occasion of a libel suit, and the imprisonment of the autho of the offending article was the result. Vitu was very fond of relating the story of his short confinement at the prison of St. Pelagie, in the ell vacated a few days before by his bitterest dversary, M. Cantagrel. On his release, the management offered him the position of dramatic critic, on the death of Jonein that of musical criti also. Since that time not a single performance of any importance has occurred that he has not witnessed and criticised. In 1884 his critiques were published in a volume entitled "A Thousand and One Nights at the Theatre"; in the preface the author says: "Each of the pieces discussed in this collection represents to the writer a night of labor."

He was indeed an indefatigable worker, with a capacity for sustained effort quite remarkable. His criticisms, it may be safely said, were always impartial. Kindly, in the main; even when adverse, never unduly severe. No young dramatist can charge Vitu with discouraging him at the outset of his career. His courtesy was proverbial. He would never allow the abbreviations of the words Madame and Mademoiselle to be used, and if in looking over his proofs he found that a careless printer had violated this rule, Vitu's blue pencil would dash over the offending copy as savagely as though an especially fine paragraph had been ruined. From an artistic and literary point of view,

no finer criticisms than Vitu's have been written. genius in others, a delicate sense of humor and an intelligence keen as as a rapier. His literary style was terse, pointed and simple. his removal "Figaro" suffers a severe loss.

Vitu's familiar figure will be greatly missed at the theatres. He always appeared wrapped in a huge cloak, took his place, and very stiff and diglately made by an English writer: "Edgar Allan nified, buttoned up tightly in his coat, he reat times he had strange and beautiful motives for ribbon, an old soldier of the Empire. Unlike Sar-

> Historian, litterateur, critic, politician, financier, Auguste Vitu possessed in a marked degree all the qualities that go to make a journalist of the first rank.

The "last of the Bohemians" passed away, in a modest little house near Paris, the other day. It is necessary to possess a memory at least forty years old to recall the fact that Henri Litolff with his marvellous playing, and Jenny Lind, with her great voice, were rivals in public favor at one time. Litolff never went to America, and is probcopyright that is unjust, unintelligible and grotesque ably little known there. His life reads like a romance. He was a character such as Georges Sand might have utilized with effect. There was nothing villanous enough in his career to point a moral with, but there was plenty that might well have served to adorn a not very moral tale.

He was born in London in 1818. His fathe was an Aisatian, who had served in the armies of both the Republic and the Empire. Taken prisoner during the Spanish war, he was conveyed to English novelist can reserve his exclusive right to England, with which country he was so well pleased that he married an Englishwoman, and settled down quietly in London for the rest of his life. Henri was the only child. His genius for music manifested itself early, and seems to have been encouraged by his parents. At twelve years of age he played before Moscheles, who was so charmed that he insisted on taking the boy under his tuition. He kept him three years, and indeed was the only master Litolif ever had.

'At eighteen Henri fell in love with a little English girl a year younger than himself; they eloged to Gretna Green, and, the parental wrath

being unabated, took up their residence in Tranca. The town of Melan received the youthful pir sympathetically, and for a time made much of them. They remained there several years. Liteff giving lessons, and practising diligently himself. Any kind of a respectable existence was bound to pall on him at last, and he finally left his young wife and went, first to Paris, and aftersard to Brussels, where his first composition was played. It was one of the concertos-sympholics on which his fame largely rests. This great one was a little crude, but full of feeling and rather original—enough so, at any rate, to create a small furor in musical circles. Litelf's life it Brussels was so full of wild and extravagant debauchery that he succeeded in attracting the agention of the city officials, who, after several insectible pieces of depravity on his part, forced him to leave the country.

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In Berlin he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. His concerts were largely attended, and his compositions became repully popular.

It is needless to say that Littelff had long since forgotten his little finglish wife, who had returned to her parents. In 1844 he had the temerity to go to England, but searcely had he landed when his irate father-in-law had him arresied and throws into prison. Escaping somehow or other, Little field to Holland and resumed his eccentric was derings. His health, never robust, had suffered much from his irregular habits, and he brought up in Brunswick sorely afflicted with hypochondra and sick unto death.

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and sick unto death.

He was nursed back to life by the widow of his sometime boon companion, a music publisher named Meyer. The English wife was either dead or had a divorce, and Litolff married the widow of his friend. One of his spasms of respectability took possession of him after his marriage. He settled down in Brunswick and devoted himself to builting up the fortunes of the publishing house. With the aid of his wife he soon put the establishment in a flourishing condition, and at the present day it is one of the most important of its kind in the city.

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The old impatience of restraint, the fever for publicity, returned after three years or so, and Litolif set out for Holland, where his concertos were greatly liked. In Brussels was produced for the first time his overtures to the Girondins and Robespierre. This was his greatest triumph, and vastly increased his fame as a composer. Shortly afterward he fell violently ill and was again nursed back to health by his wife. He returned with her to Brunswick, but the old life of business had completely lost its charm. It was pleasant to make money, but the intoxication of artistis success was even more inviting. In Faris he repeated his triumph of the preceding year, at Brussels. His fourth concerto-symphonic was produced to great enthusiasm, and his playing was much admired at the Conservatoire.

Madama Litolif-Meyer got a divorce, and he, quite satisfied, resigned all claim to the business, which she still manages in spite of her advanced age.

Litolif seems to have been a man of great per-

Litolf seems to have been a man of great personal magnetism. In 1860, although his continued ill-health had given him an appearance of age which his forty-two years did not at all warrant.

ued ill.heaith had given him an appearance of age which his forty-two years did not at all warrant, his charm was great enough to win the heart of Mile. Louise de la Rochefoucauld, daughter of Count Wilfrid de la Rochefoucauld, a young lady of great beauty and many accomplishments. They were margied and lived very happily for a time. Litolif was passionately attached to her, and her early death was the grief of his varied and eccentric life.

In 1863 his first grand opera, "Nahel," was produced, and shortly afterward, "Pfscadron volant de la Reine." Neither was particularly successful at the time, although the latter, revived at the Theatre Comique twenty-five years later, was accorded tardy recognition. He continued to live in Paris, a Bohemian existence, full of everything but monotony. Sometimes on the top wave of popularity and wealth, often inhabiting the traditional garret. Not succeeding at the larger theatres, he began to write light open. In 1871 "La Boite de Pandore" was wildly applauded at the Fohes-Dramatiques. "Heloise and Abelard," which really contained some excellent music, was equally successful. This easy transformation from the severely classic to the purly popular style was only too characteristic of the lairser-aller of the man's disposition. His later operatus are less admired. They were all hastily written and are unequal in strength. His open "The Knight Templar" contains many fine passages, but, on the whole, was disappointing. It is the most pretentious of his later efforts, and proved no special credit to the composer. He was old-fashioned and out of date, in his ideas. If he could have added to his brilliant and powerful imagination, his admirable talent and fine taste, a few modern methods of arrangement, etc. ful imagination, his admirable talent and fine taste, a few modern methods of arrangement, etc., he might have done excellent work. As it is, his early compositions, the concertes of forty years ago, are all that remain high in public esteem, and it is in them that his memory will continue.

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Yes, thou art sped. Oh, singer of the wood,
Who found'st rare loys in old June's common tay.
And sunlight mated, let thy spirit stray
In a new Eden, God hath said is good.
True saxon herald that cried: "Holy Rood"
When, bows unstrung, the archers looked dismay,
Called with shell warhorn spearmen to the fray
And greeted freemen where once slaves had stood.
Art silent. Yet we hear the notes again.
As though thy native hills their tongues had lent,
And Heaven's vanits turned echo walls to speed
Thy voice about us, winging it to men
Who far off catch its tones reverberent.
Immortalized thy trumpet and thy reed.

Immortalized thy trumpet and thy reed.

-(Roscoe C. E. Brown.

A part of Nature's own is gone;
A cherished child who read her heart
As can but love and love inborn.
And reproduced with matchless art
The very breath of dawn. How many weary minds have turned

From racking study, grief or care
To his cool draught, in beauty urned
As pure and vast as cups the air
When sunset's fires are burned. Yet wrought of honest, homespan stuff Few foreign skies, no unreal lights. In home and kindred were enough To wing the poet's grandest flights. No theme too plain or rough.

We breathe a bracing atmosphere
Fresh from the mountains and the sea
Laden with seeds that year by year
Make life more joyous, tru and free
If we the message hear
P. F.

BUSY TIMES IN THE BOOK-WORLD. From The London Globe.

Whatever August may be elsewhere it is a dull month in bookland. Hardly any volumes of importance are issued from the press while it lasts, and writers are either at the seaside or among the hills like other people, or are busy receiving and returning bundles of proofs from their publishers. And they are presecuting that task this year with far more industry than usual. Judging by announcements that already have been made and also by what one hears, it seems likely that in the literary world October will be an exceptionally active month.

FRENCH HONOR TO AN ENGLISH AUTHOR. From The London Daily News.

Miss Betham-Edwards, the well-known author, nas just received a signal honor at the hands of the French Government. In recognition of her numerous works on rural France sile has been named "officier de l'instruction publique," a distinction not often conferred upon foreigners, especially of her sex. The newly made "officier de l'instruction publique," in her country retreat at Hastings, is busy on a survey or birdseye view of France—social, rural and connoine—a hundred years after the Revolution, based enlirely upon personal observation.

SWINBURNE AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

From The London Globe.

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A correspondent from the Isle of Wight writes to me as follows:

"The Isle of Wight (which owing to the late rains is a perfect Paradise of greenery) was on Thursday last the scene of two ceremonies of the most opposite character. At Freshwater, near to Lord Tennyson's beautiful house, Farringford, the Laureate's eighty-second birthday was celebrated. In the Assembly Rooms of the little town a concert was given and various settings of Tennyson's words to music composed by Lady Tennyson were comprised in the programme. At another part of the island Aigerona Swinburne was burying his only brother. Mr. Edward Swinburne, in a spot more lovely even than Farringford. Long before the Laureate's name had shed its glory around the Isle of Wight, Mr. Swinburne and his relatives had been very specially a-sociated with its Indeed, the youth of the author of 'Adalanta' was spent partly at the Underelift and partly in Northumberland, Very much of his mature poetry was written here, as Swinburnian students are well aware. Resides the property owned by his own family, his annt, Lady Mary Gordon, has the seat of Northcourt and a senide retreat at Niton, which are among the most beautiful places in the British Islands. His father, Adamin Swinburne, was interred at Honchurch, and in the same vanit on Thursday was laid the poet's brother, in the presence of the poet himself, two of his sisters, all John Swinburne and Mr. Theodore Watts.

# POETS' BIRTHDAYS.

From The St. James's Gazette.

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An insurance actuary in former days would hardly have considered a poet's a "good" life. The aveluge was seriously pulled down by those favorites of the Muses who thought that decent living and regular habits were igconsistent with their vocation. Byron, Heine, Musset, Foe and others died young, not because they were poets, but because they did not keep their passions and their appetizes in good order. But in these later days we know that the greatest p et may be the "samest," and pass into old age, have and green, as peacefully as if he had never wandered over the slopes of Helicon. The great Goethe grew old as comfortably as any well-to-do bourgeois, and was full of life and vigor at four-score. So was Victor Hussoul of every party in which he found himself. And to-morrow Lord Tennyson is eighty-two, and is still, we are glad to learn, in excellent health. We may hope that there are many more years to be added to the tale of this noble and well-spont life, and perhaps that another markle block or two, another exquisite column.